

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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REVOLT!

[FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.]

BY W.R.W.

WHAT though they bind us hard and fast and forge
for us an iron yoke,
And lead us out to plow and sow, and all the
strength in us invoke,
To toil for them as willing slaves, debased and
cheated in our hire,
Within our hearts there live unseen the embers of
eternal fire.

There may be pallor in our face, a coldness in our
weary eye,
And we may seem to sleep and dream and pass in-
justice silent by;
And we may live in daily need and seem content
to be unfed,
But we have hope, the cheering hope, that we
shall see the dawning red.

We work to live and live to work, and noisy chil-
dren shout and play,
And ships come home with freight of goods from
lands beyond the ocean gray;
The trees within the garden bloom, and there is
twittering in the vine,
But there is yet in us unrest, restless force, and
will divine.

The starlight comes to visit us and sweet spring
winds sigh at our latch,
A Pandean chorus fills the wood where blue-birds
happy-spring hatch,
The wattle sheds September gold where there is none
to see or heed,
They wait for us and call to us and prompt as to
some daring deed.

Why do we wait and seem to halt and toil with but
a purpose vain?
Do we accept the iron yoke and love the mad us-
urpers' reign?
No! we but wait for one who comes with sword
unsheathed and flag unfurled,
To plant his foot upon the neck of every tyrant of
the world.

In every clime, in every age he fought to free the
weary slave,
And though they chased him from their shores and
hunted him upon the wave,
He hid within the settler's hut and lived with pen-
sioners' men,
He waited in the tyrant's home or languished in
his dungeon den.

To every heart that would not shrink, to minds
that could not lie nor cheat,
Where rose the rack or scaffold high, where sang
the sword in battle-heat,
Where workers toiled and strove and died, and men
for freedom cried in vain,
He came in glory undeterred to cheer and aid their
cause again.

They followed him and stormed the pass and won
the smiling vale below,
They overturned the tyrant's throne and laid the
proud usurper low,
Twas he who prompted to the fight and nerved
their hands and steered their hearts,
Twas he who led them on through war to smiling
peace and useful arts.

We owe to him what'er of joy, or peace, or free-
dom that was won,
We owe to him the stern resolve to see his future
task is done,
To raise on high the blood-red flag, the flag Revolt
of old unfurled,
And lead aloft with hand of Fate when despot
from their thrones were hurled!

The Passing Show.

BY IGNOTUS.

ARE you a Socialist, conscious of your where-
abouts, and the way you intend to go, or do
you simply drift blindly before the forces of
Capitalism?

Do you think our civilisation is at its
meridian, or do you know that it is yet only
at the cock-crowing and the morning star?

The dawn will surely come, and we shall
see the sun in all his glory, when he chases
away the mists of the night. Then our bar-
barous society will be transformed, and we
shall see the rise of Socialism, the rightful
lord who is to tumble all usurpers from
their chairs.

Every thought we throw into the world
alters the world. Think for yourself and
you will shake the foundations of the exist-
ing system, for it only goes by default.
Teach others to think for themselves and
you educate towards revolution.

Mr. Percy Hunter, N.S.W. Director of
Immigration, has gone to London to inquire
into immigration matters. He will be there
during the coronation corroboree, but will
not waste time attending it—oh, dear, no.
Percy cannot help being there just at that
particular time. It is only in pursuance of
his duties that he is going.

The Highland Rifle Corps in Maoriland is
protesting against the proposed abolition of
kilts under the new defence scheme. Sandy
couldna fecht sae weel without his harem-
skirt and white-wash brush. Men laugh at
the fashions of women, but your military
hero patriot is beyond cackination.

Arthur Griffith, Minister for Works,
N.S.W., has replaced the strikers on the
Moree-Mungindi railway line, with scabs.
The men demanded 15s per day for driver,
dray, and horse, in the "Labor" Minister
refused their demand and showed his pre-
ference for the scab. The price used to be
about 12s 6d, if we remember rightly, but in
view of the rise in the cost of living, and
the out-back nature of the work, where hard-
ships are many and enjoyments few, the
men's claim seems reasonable enough to any-
one but a Labor Minister who draws well on
to £2000 a year himself. He is buying
horses on behalf of the Government, but by
the time he grooms and feeds them, buys the
necessary drays and harness, and settles
with the scabs, he will not have much the
best of the argument. In this case it may
be noted that there is no outcry in the press
about the interference with private enter-
prise. They are only a lot of strikers who
are being injured, and the press doesn't mind
if the State does crush them.

When comrades Murray, Spence, and
Wilson left Renmark recently a large crowd
assembled at the quay to bid them farewell,
and to wish them good speed. Comrade
Murphy briefly addressed the departing com-
rades, and trusted they would do all they
could to push industrial unionism, and to
warn the public against consignments of scab
fruit. Comrade Spillman said: "Comrades,
we wish you *bon voyage*, and those of us be-
longing to the U.L.C., besides many of the
public, recognise that comrade Murray
should never have been convicted of assault;
in fact we wish him to know that we all be-
lieve him to be an innocent man. We de-
plore your departure, and if it had been
possible we would have liked to have given
you a worthy send-off." Comrade Murray
in responding said they were taking with
them a list of scab "growers," and would
do their best to spread the information they
possessed about the conditions prevailing in
the Renmark fruit-growing industry; and
they would always do their duty towards the
organisation to which they belonged. Hearty
cheers were called for and responded to as
the steamer, bearing our comrades, left the
wharf.

The idea of a special Children's Court,
where children accused of petty offences
shall be tried by a magistrate specially ap-
pointed for the purpose, and shall be kept
away from the contamination and the pub-
licity of the police courts, is an excellent
one; but like all excellent ideas, it is sub-
ject, under our present system, to abuse and
misuse. Either one of the parents or the
guardian of the child has to appear with the
young culprit, and in many instances this
means the loss of half a day's work to the
adult worker. The costs of the summons
are six shillings, which have to be paid down
in court, as the magistrate does not fail to
remind the parents; and in many cases an-
other shilling or two has to be paid for dam-
ages. Then a series of heckling questions
are put to the child as to its knowledge of
the multiplication table and the ten com-
mandments; and as a punishment for the
offence of riding in a tram without paying
the fare, or letting off a squib in a picture
show entertainment, a boy is told he will
"be put on probation," which means he will
have to go to church every Sunday for a year,
and attend Sunday school and night school
every Sunday for a year; and a constable
will call round occasionally at his home to
see that this punishment is carried out. As
one listens to this travesty of the inten-
tions of those who agitated for a special
Children's Court one longs more than
ever to break down the mouldering
walls of medievalism, which still shut
in our conceptions of a Jehovah-beset
power to punish and reward, and to let in
the health-giving light and warmth of Sci-
ence. The best text for a sermon on Sci-
entific Socialism is to be found in the Chil-
dren's Court in Paddington, Sydney.

Major-General Hoad has been suffering
from a nervous breakdown. What has he
been doing?

A child once loved a tree, and tended it
with care, but in spite of all attention, the
tree wilted and withered, and the child was
sore distressed. One day the tree spoke and
said to the child, "the trouble is at my
roots. Dig down and remove the cause, and
I will recover my health and beauty." The
child dug down to the tree's roots, and
found a nest of white ants there. When
these were removed the tree put forth new
leaves and was soon clad with new beauty.

If we dig down to the roots of society, we
shall discover that the cause of most of its
troubles is a brood of useless usurpers, who
are undermining its vitality, beauty, and
stability. Remove these, and society will
respond, by clothing itself with all the beau-
ties sung by poets since the infancy of the
world.

It is about time this scandal of begging
in the public streets for funds to keep our
hospitals going, was put a stop to. "Curse
your charity" is the inscription on more
than one banner carried by London's unem-
ployed, when they demonstrate for the right
to work. And "Curse your charity" should
be the motto of the public in this matter of
charity-supported hospitals. Why should the
public, for whose benefit the hospitals
exist, be badgered whilst going about its
business or pleasure by bands of importun-
ate girls, shaking collecting boxes in the
faces of the passers-by? Is that a dignified
and efficient way of financing institutions,
which exist in order to restore and assure
the health of the community? Would the
Defence Department or the Education De-
partment be content to be financed in such
haphazard fashion? Is it not time that
hospitals and similar institutions were munici-
palised or nationalised, and that the funds
for supporting them should be assured from
rates and taxes; whilst the control of them
should be entirely democratic?

In his book, "The Future of America,"
Mr. H. G. Wells writes, referring to the un-
fair trial and jailing of a young Englishman,
McQueen, accused of inciting silk-weavers at
Paterson to strike against handling scab silk:
"He has attacked the system; the people
who think things are 'all right as they are'
have hit back in the most effectual way they
can, according to their lights. That I think
accounts for the sustained quality of lying in
the case, and indeed for the whole situation."
This seems to describe pretty fairly the atti-
tude of the Australian capitalistic press and
public towards Socialist agitators, who ex-
plain to industrial workers out here what
their position under capitalism is, and what
it might be if they once grasped the mighty
force of solidarity in industrial unionism.
We "attack the system"; and the exploit-
ers, whether at Newcastle, Lithgow, Ren-
mark or Adelaide "hit back." Our cor-
respondent at Renmark writes: "The growers
are doing everything to set public opinion in
South Australia against the union; scare
stories are being told of attempts to burn
down packing sheds, and of a man being
shot; all of which stories, when enquired
into rationally, are found to be pure fiction,
as far as complicity of unionists is con-
cerned." Workers must not forget the
Haywood, Moyer case in Colorado, when
"sworn evidence" was freely forthcoming
as to the complicity of our comrades in an
outrage with which it was subsequently
proved they had no connection. When
those men were up for trial, ex-President
Roosevelt (who was at that time the highest
official in the land), branded himself for-
ever as a ruffian by writing of those heroic
Western miners as "undesirable citizens,"
and thus attempting from his exalted po-
sition to tighten the rope round the necks of
the men lying in prison. He is once more
trying the same game over the Los Angeles
trouble; but the organised national Socialist
press of the United States is at his heels; and
ex-President Roosevelt may, before long,
know what it is like to be hunted, instead of
being himself the "mighty hunter."

Sir Joseph and Lady Ward (Premier of
New Zealand and his wife) visited Windsor,
and laid a wreath on the tomb of the late
King Edward. Workers of Maoriland are
hereby asked to rejoice.

Naval officials at Portsmouth deny that
the new warship *Invincible* is badly strained.
However that may be, the intelligence of the
people who built her is a bit warped, and the
pockets of the national workers are drained
to pay the cost.

Socialists at Ophir, California, have nomi-
nated a woman for mayor and another for
city treasurer and say they stand a good
chance of electing them.

Organised workers should begin to realise
by this time that a "Labor" party in power
does not mean any cessation of Pinkerton
police methods, such as prevailed at Broken
Hill, and Port Pirie, and should make up
their minds that J.P. employers will deal
out injustice to the worker quite as gaily un-
der a "Labor" government as under a Lib-
eral, Conservative, or Democratic govern-
ment. Perhaps the organised workers will
now get an inkling of how Socialist ideals
differ from, and far surpass Labor ideals.
Organised Labor, in its political expression,
wants to improve and reform the present
system. Socialism stands for completing the
destruction of the present system (which is
too rotten to be reformed), and replacing it
by a Co-operative Commonwealth. Capital-
ism means officious government of people,
Socialism means wise administration of
things.

The Anglican Archbishop, Dr. Wright, is
anxious about "forgetting differences" (what
those differences are we are not told) at
coronation time; and is urging his clergy to
remember: "How greatly the fortunes of the
Empire depend upon the prayers of the
faithful at this juncture." This, of course,
is taking it for granted that "Providence"
is either a senior or a sleeping partner in the
Empire. Sleeping, we should say for choice,
as he seems to require so many prayers of
the faithful to make him wake up to the fact
that microcosm George V. is shortly to have
a crown put on his head, and young Wales
a garter on his leg. Well, let them get busy
with prayer; it's at least less dangerous than
ignorant legislation, and tinkering up of the
present worn out economic and social sys-
tem. But George Rex, and his Prince of
Wales, if they have been allowed to read
anything about history and evolution, must
be having a pretty thin time just at present;
they must feel such unmitigated and foolish
anachronisms; and they must be envying
Manuel (late of Portugal), who is no longer
forced to pretend, or wear stoles, or garters,
and have his train carried by little boys,
when all the time he is longing to be in gay
Paris, or up in an aeroplane, or doing any
other of the pleasant and naughty things
that "kings in exile" can do. Well, don't
despair, George, and little Wales; prayers
don't always get answered; and here is a
bright and merry ditty from America, which
may set you thinking of nights:

Are you lonely, Manuel,
There pretending all alone,
To a battered mouldy throne?
There are discords in the tune—
Do not fret, my little man,
Other kings will get the crown,
You'll have company pretty soon.

Mr. Lloyd George's insurance scheme for
sickness and invalidity is to be carried out,
according to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, at
a cost of some 22 millions per annum, which
cost "is to be borne by the employers, the
employees, and the State." But we also
read that the officials of Messrs. Harland
and Wolff, Limited, shipbuilders, state that
Mr. Lloyd George's scheme will cost the firm
£12,500 per annum, and that wages must
be reduced, or prices increased. This is
only one more of the proofs that reform or
palliation of the existing horrors of competi-
tion and capitalism only leave the worker
where he was before. *Wages will be reduced,*
of course, and in the end the workers will not
only pay their own id a week premium, but
the employers' id a week; whilst the State
will probably take its share of the expense
out of the workers' beer and tobacco, as it
did so cleverly for the Old-age Pensions.
And then the Liberal-Labor anthem will
rise aloft:

All workers that on the earth do dwell
Sing grateful songs to Libs and Labs...

And the Socialists will quietly remark:
"Workers of the world, don't unite to insure
against unemployment, sickness or old age,
but unite to revolt against the system, which
is making you pay the bill all the time."

We hear that Mr. Carlyle Smith has se-
cured Mr. Joseph McCabe for a lecturing
tour throughout Australasia in the year 1913.
Mr. McCabe is indefatigable as a writer,
and, in addition to lecturing, has now com-
pleted a great book on "The Roman Em-
presses," which will be ready in a month or
two.

Receipt of Sample Copy of this Paper is an invitation to you to become a Subscriber.

To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. Therefore short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words.

Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia. Address to "The Editor." No private communication must be included.

Every contribution must bear the writer's name—not necessarily for publication.

Contributions received later than Wednesday cannot be guaranteed insertion in following week's issue.

Friends and Members visiting THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Office are urged to assist in getting business done with expedition. DON'T STAY TO TALK. We're always busy, and the delays we are subjected to in the daytime we have to make up for by working through the night hours.

A Blue Mark through this paragraph indicates that your SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH NEXT ISSUE.

A Red Mark indicates that your subscription must be renewed AT ONCE. If you desire the delivery of the paper to continue.

Errata.

By a printer's error in omitting the word "and" from a sentence in my article of May 15th, "Watchman, what of the night?" I am made to say: "The workers are out for a leveling down," and as the last thing I should desire is that such a false interpretation of the Socialist ideal should get abroad, I feel compelled to give the correction in usual prominence, and to state that what I had written was: "The workers are not out for a leveling down."—D. B. MONTFORD, Acting Editor.

The enrollment of the workers in unions patterned closely after the structure of modern industries, and following the organic lines of industrial development is par excellence the swiftest, safest, and most peaceful form of constructive work. The Socialist can engage in it. It prepares within the framework of capitalist society the working forms of the Socialist Republic, and thus while increasing the resisting power of the worker against present encroachments of the capitalist class it familiarises him with the idea that the union he is helping to build up is destined to supplant that class in the control of the industry in which he is employed. JAMES CONNOLLY.

"The Socialistic Bugbear."

BY DOUGLAS MONTEFIORE.

The Sydney *Daily Telegraph* of May 10th has an article headed "The Socialistic Bugbear," in which the misinformed writer states that "The Socialist regards the public company as its great bugbear." It would be interesting to know where the writer obtained his data about the Socialist economic interpretation on the subject of public companies, monopolies, etc.; for the scientific Socialist, far from looking upon these latest developments of capitalism as "a bugbear," rejoices in the fact that economic pressure in forcing out the small producer and distributor, is bringing industries into the trust stage, and thus preparing the way for their socialisation. The benefits obtained through industries being worked through trusts and combines are that the working is more scientific and economical; and that the public company or trust is an object lesson in the fallacy of unrestricted competition. In our comrade H. Quelch's pamphlet, "The Social-Democratic Party," its objects, principles, and work," he writes on page 13: "Therefore, while many worthy people deplore the growth of the trust and similar monopolies, seek to hinder their development, and to force industrialism back into individualist paths, the S.D.P. welcomes their growth as a stage in the development of Society towards Socialism."

The writer in the *Telegraph* further states: "The public company is

owned by the public, by any one who chooses to invest in its stock. . . . The result is that collective ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange is rapidly taking the place of individual ownership, not by any arbitrary State laws, which could never enforce that system, but by the natural process of evolution, which readjusts industrial conditions to the changing circumstances attendant on the progress of the human race." It is just possible that the writer of this string of fallacies, if a paid hireling in Mr. Hoskin's blast furnace, or a sweated white worker, or a miner, or an employee of the Commonwealth Oil Company, might think differently about "the public company being owned by the public, by any one who chooses to invest in its stock." Do the workers in these joint stock undertakings—those who do the real work, the hardest and the worst paid jobs—often get the "choice" of investing in the company's shares? Is not their wage exactly calculated on the basis of the cost of living; and what margin is left over when the landlord, the butcher, and baker are paid, and the children are shod and clothed, to justify the wage slave in "choosing" to invest in the inflated stock of a public company? Again I quote comrade Quelch: "What personal supervision can the shareholders of a company exercise over the railways or factories which they own, and from which they draw their dividend? A company, or a combination of companies—a trust—is a collectivity; and the only difference between this and the collectivism which is the economic foundation of Socialism is that whereas in the former the collection is that of a number of individuals organised for their own private profit, in the latter the collectivism would be that of the whole community, the element of profit would be eliminated altogether, and the enterprise would be carried on for the benefit of the whole people." In a word we Socialists have no quarrel with trusts and combines; our only quarrel is about the ownership of these trusts and combines.

The writer in the *Telegraph* desires them to be owned by the few, and to be worked for the benefit of the few. We Socialists mean them to be owned by all, and worked for the benefit of all. The writer in the *Telegraph* is playing a very old game, but one that the more intelligent among the workers are beginning to find out. He is misrepresenting the Socialist interpretation in order to mislead the working man and woman. This game has been played through almost every phase; the workers have been assured that Socialism is going to destroy religion, whereas ours is an economic interpretation, and does not trouble itself about what religion a man or woman professes. The workers have been solemnly warned that Socialism is out to break up their homes; whereas they cannot help observing that capitalism has done that already; and that under capitalism it is not safe to indulge in a family, because "no encumbrances" is the rule when a man is seeking a job or a tenement "home." Now the worker is being told that: "The company principle gives umbrage to Socialism," and that it is "for this change that the Socialist leaders have their hardest words." In refuting this misstatement I cannot do better than quote once more from the same pamphlet: "It (this change) demonstrates the practicability of public collective ownership; and supplies, as we have said, the embryo of the industrial organisation of Socialist society. When industries reach the company form they are ripe for socialisation, and the S.D.P. stands for the municipalisation and nationalisation of all monopolies, as a step further towards the complete socialisation of all industries and of all the means and instruments of production."

When the workers are all agreed

on this change of ownership, it will come about, without any "arbitrary State laws," but by the sole force of economic pressure. The organised industrial unionists will ask the present owners to step down and help in the work; and if the owners object they will be treated as the owners of labor power are treated now—the "work or starve principle" will be applied, and to those who prefer work to starvation will be given, under the new system, what the *Telegraph* writer so neatly describes as "the necessary rewards to individual industry without which progress would soon cease to exist."

It is just because the mass of the people do not get the "necessary reward for individual industry" that the Socialist writer and agitator is in the field, and that the intelligent worker is demanding better education, and a more equal share of the amount of essential knowledge that has been brought into the world. If we have a bugbear, we Socialists, it is being confounded with a political Labor Party, which has no economic interpretation of the existing system, based on the exploitation of the workers, nor any ideal beyond feeble reforms and palliatives of a system, which, if the workers were really class-conscious, should by now be on the scrap-heap.

But, in spite of misrepresentations, ignorance, superstition—yea even in spite of Labor Leaders and Labor Kings—the end is not far off. Says Professor Lester Ward, when addressing the working men students in Oxford at the annual meeting of the "Plebs' League": "What do we hear all over the world? Nothing but the subterranean roar of that great mass of mankind, infinitely larger numerically than all the other classes put together; that class is rumbling, and seething, and working, and coming to consciousness; and when they do come to consciousness they will take the reins of power in their hands, and then will have been abolished the last of all the social classes." If only the workers of Australia understood, they might be in the van of those who "take the reins of power in their hands." . . . If only they would cast off the nightmare of Laborism, they might awake in the dawn of Socialism.

The Moloch of Militarism.

BY CHAS. W. GREEN.

AN agitation, persistent and relentless, is at this very hour being carried on right within the realm of Socialism. The propaganda of anti-patriotism is a veritable agitation within an agitation. Men, who, a few years ago thrilled to the echo of patriotic songs and slogans, and boasted of THEIR country being the one and only land where light and liberty reigned, now fling to the winds such illusions and are to-day engaged in a common international crusade, arrayed against all that national flags represent. This anti-patriotic concept is as international as is the Socialist propaganda. It is fastening on to the souls of the world's proletarians. Right through Europe, from Norway and Northern Russia to Spain, Greece and the Caucasus, from Portugal and the Emerald Isle, westwards to the Urals, and on to Japan and across to America, it is sweeping through the working-class like a contagion. Even Tory England is not exempt this time. At the recent elections there, it is a noteworthy fact that every new Labor member elected stood as an uncompromising foe of militarism, while those members of the party who had defended the increase of armament proposals as advocated by Asquith, Haldane, Roberts, Blatchford and Co. were collectively sent to political oblivion. Slowly, reluctantly, but naturally, organised labor is gleaming the fact from the intricate jumble of political

affairs, that every scheme of Militarism is organised to perpetuate the capitalists' class system of production. Whether the project be dubbed Militarism, Imperialism, Conscription, Armed Nation, Defence, or what not, it stands backed by an economic motive, making for the furtherance of the area of exploitation.

Organised capital, in the last analysis, formulates the particular nature of its military scheme. If the nation is an empire or a first-class power its army and navy stand for aggression "when necessary." If the nation or country be a weakling from a belligerent standpoint, its militarism is founded for "defence purposes only." But if, in the course of time an embryonic navy develops to a potency that might challenge the supremacy of the world, the morality of defence undergoes a metamorphosis and defence becomes aggression. The spirit animating all military projects is jingoistic. The formula depends entirely upon the status of the country as a military power.

A comprehensive understanding of the position reveals the imbecility of the working class pitting one scheme of militarism against another scheme. Any scheme of militarism is a capitalist weapon that may be used to put the quietus on the revolt of labor. Militarism functions in a two-fold way to fortify the power of the plutocracy. Firstly, in a system of production for the profit of a class, markets, i.e., means of consumption, must be made available for the sale of the capitalist's ware. If the capitalists of civilisation can't find a market for their commodities within the civilised world, they must look for fresh fields and pastures new. They must build bigger than civilisation. They send their emissaries into the dark continents. There is ever present the dread of a glut in the world-market. New markets must be forthcoming and the open sesame to Mars or Jupiter has not yet been obtained. They must create a market or collapse. War is an ideal market. A long bloody war will dispose of their surplus, and maintain their economic equilibrium for another decade or two.

Of course the financiers who pull the wires within the esoteric circles of economic society are too wary to wait until such a sore pitch as a world-crisis is reached. They are in this game for boodle, and boodle they'll have every time a ruse or pretext can be planned to play upon the people's patriotism. Their hands are on the public pulse, and when the psychological moment arrives a war-scare is spread through two contentious nations.

Between wars, the upkeep of armies and the maintenance of navies are markets of no mean import to the economic elite. The workers foot the bill.

No. 2 function of militarism is to stem the internal uprisings of the nation's workers for economic justice. The capitalists are a dwindling minority, but they must somehow counteract the numerical strength of the masses. So they hire men from the proletarian ranks, soldiers, marines, and police, and pay them to fight the workers in the class war. These are segregated from citizenship and are trained and disciplined in barracks to serve the master class. As an addendum to this regular army policy the Swiss have tried an experiment. They have created the institution of a "citizen soldiery"—"every citizen is a soldier and every soldier is a citizen." That institution has demonstrated itself a more effective bulwark of Capitalism than any hitherto set up. At the behest of the minions of the capitalist class it has shot down more strikers since its inception than any other soldiery. Go to the surviving strikers of Venev and Ricken who are left to tell their bloody tale, and ask them what they think of "citizen soldiery" as a working-class weapon! Organised capital controls the country's institutions and uses

them to engender and foster a spirit of compromise and conciliation amongst the exploited, to conquer any class-conscious agitation and so to keep Labor docile and acquiescent. So effectively do these institutions dominate the workers that an overwhelming majority of them can be depended upon to pull triggers for the governing class. They will shoot down strikers and demagogues and foreign comrades without a tremor of feeling or a qualm of conscience.

Military law is inexorable. A little while ago the French railwaymen struck. Immediately the fiat went forth from Briand, premier, that all strikers belonging to the army reserve parade in uniform. There and then they were ordered, under penalty of death if they disobeyed, to return to work. Compulsory obedience was exacted by military law. As W. T. Stead pointed out, reviewing the incident—it all depends upon what coat and trousers one wears. So long as a man dresses as he pleases, he acts as he pleases, votes as he pleases, strikes as he pleases, no government daring to interfere. But if the government is given the power to compel him to wear its uniform, then the moment he changes his clothes he ceases to be a free citizen. He sinks to a cog in a huge military machine. If he disobeys he is promptly shot. The rights of man disappear when he dons the uniform of a soldier.

There is positively no phase or form of militarism extant but can be used to entrench the plutocracy more strongly in power. So far as the proletariat coquets with militarism or any other bulwark of Capitalism so far it emasculates its virility and sets back the clock of progress. The giant Labor, in the interests of his ethical and economic integrity, must wash his hands clean of the blood-spattered curse of militarism, and all the heart-breaks it entails. War and militarism cannot be defended in the name of science or ethics. Yet, if the workers recklessly permit our "christian" capitalist civilisation to run its course, woe to the future. An Armageddon is before us that will go on till a million or more lives go out amid the din and roar of aerial machine guns; till a billion human limbs are left jagged and stiff, to putrify on sunbaked plains and snow-crowned mountains; till fever and famine lays low the young manhood of the nations; till the soil of Mother Earth is soaked in the blood and sweat of men and the tears of the women who loved them. There is no power of Earth, or Heaven, or Hell, that can prevent such a climax to our contemporary jingoism, but organised, intelligent Labor.

Gather round ye patriots and blood-mongers and hear how all your blood-mongering plans are going to be thwarted, for we are going to checkmate your designs and make you live by honest toil, not by engineering intrigues and wars for your personal aggrandisement.

Intelligent Labor is organising as it never before knew how to organise. It has burst through the thin veneer that has covered the lie of patriotism preached by the wardens of the ruling class through the centuries. Instead of mobilising in the future at your imperious behests, workers are going to register an active protest by an organised strike. When the miners refuse to supply coal and the lumpers refuse to fill the bunkers of your Dreadnoughts and Invincibles; when engine-drivers, marine engineers and firemen refuse to transport the soldiers and the munitions of war to the seat of slaughter, when compositors say "damn" to the hiring pressmen; when the cables are cut and the maxims spiked and the battleships scuttled, what will the ruling class do? Echo answers "What?" and all the plutocrats finesse is confounded at the contemplation of such a crisis.

Ye gentlemen of leisure! Ye gods of commerce! Ye masters of bread! This is going to be the reply of the

organised working-class when your victims come to consciousness of their power and position. Some, aye, and an hourly increasing number of them, are realising the cryptic class nature of your political precepts. Interwoven with the militarist problem are its economic roots. War and armaments would not be necessary if the production of wealth were engaged in for the use and service of mankind. But the capitalist regime perpetuates the social savagery that should characterise only the dim and distant past. But you plutocrats only pay the workers a wage which represents a fraction of their productivity. When the workers purchase that fraction, your class is left with a surplus, representing colossal more than it can consume. Consequently, you must find or create a market to invest that surplus in. And when your capital goes a-begging you make murder a morality, and murderers, heroes.

'Tis a well-planned, deeply laid scheme, my masters, embedded deep in criminality and screened by the agencies and institutions you use to prop your power. But when from the vortex of hysteria, and cant of press and pulpit, the working class arises indomitable, entrenched in the omnipotent power of its own awakening to class-consciousness, and with one collective voice fraught with the tremor of past iniquities, thunders its eternal defiance at you, flings a challenge to fight for your economic sovereignty and curses bitterly its erstwhile apathy, what will you do on that day, my masters?

Plan, now, your campaign, for the day of judgment for the world, the day of the social revolution, draweth nigh!

Renmark Notes.

BY F.S.S.

THE Renmark strike is a very trying affair, but if the workers of Australia only take the lessons which it teaches it will be of immense advantage to them.

The papers are endeavoring to saddle this union with all the crimes that men of greed usually commit, when after using all means to defeat us, they now attempt to scare the people of South Australia (they cannot scare the Renmark workers).

The latest move now is to say we cannot hold the open-air meetings. Well, Bismarck tried that game and failed, and if the Renmark grows—with their pals, the police—think that they can play Bismarck's game, well the workers will live to thank Panton and his friends for their stupidity in acting in a way that will kill them socially forever.

Last night's meeting was held as usual, Mr. Brand being in the chair. Mr. Murphy, organiser, was giving an address, when Panton stepped in and said, "I told you that you cannot speak here, it is a public road."

The meetings had been held there for months previously, so the police action is simply so much pin-pricking.

Several union men have been ordered to go to the police station and give an account of their movements and whereabouts last Saturday, when a supposed shooting affair took place.

The press is stirring the other side up for all it is worth, and the secretary of the Growers' Association is very busy asking for more police.

Adelaide Chamber of Commerce and Employers' Federation are acting over the shed incident, and are trying to fasten the guilt on to the workers.

Two young fellows have twice been taken to the police station, where idiotic questions were put to them by the police, who weren't able to bring any definite charge against them.

These men are union men, and were in bed at 11 a.m. on the Saturday, when the affair was reported to have taken place at 2 p.m.

None of the growers were ordered to the police station, though there were plenty of them about at the time.

Detective Whittle is here, and is regarded by the Labor Government as a great Pinkerton.

People are being warned to beware of Spillman, and the Corporal says, "we must fight these revolutionaries."

The growers are terror-stricken at the sight of defeat, which is staring them in the face. —4.5.11.

J. M. Brand, president of the strike committee, was fined £2 and costs for refusing to move on. Brand was presiding at an open air meeting.

John Robinson, a miner, working at the Stanford-Merthyr colliery, had his right arm and leg broken through a fall of stone at his work.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST is going ahead rapidly. But you can further help to push it along by seeing that your friends are subscribing to it. A donation to the Press Fund would also be acceptable.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

Broken Hill.

THE Saturday night meetings are still going on with the usual success.

On Sunday night the Hall was packed to hear the debate between Comrade Green representing the Socialist Party, and Arthur Weir, a Laborite, on the subject of "Militarism."

The audience was loud in its pronouncement against Militarism in all its forms.

South Australia.

BY F.S.S.

Sunday last being the first Sunday in May, the Adelaide branch celebrated May Day.

In the afternoon a large meeting was held in the Botanic Park, and stirring addresses were delivered by comrades Barringer, Landridge, Wallace and Clarke.

In the Hall the Sunday school scholars worthily celebrated May Day. Musical items were rendered by the Misses Pedlars, Bayneham, Bennett, Glenie and Hammond. Comrade Bayneham also contributed to the vocal items.

There was a large attendance and the following resolution was carried:

"That this meeting of the Adelaide Socialist Sunday school sends fraternal greetings to comrades of all lands and declares that international solidarity alone is the hope of the working-class."

At night Comrade Moyle delivered a stirring address to a large audience on "May Day and what it means to the worker."

The Misses Voit, Bennett, Glenie, Hammond, and Bayneham contributed musical items, and a real enjoyable evening resulted.

On Sunday May 21st Comrade Hugh Swinley will deliver an address in the Wakefield-street Hall on "Socialism and Evolution."

Sydney Jottings.

Comrade P. Barry, from New Zealand, and who has been sojourning in Sydney for the past week, leaves for Portland this week.

On Saturday evening propaganda meetings were held at Newtown and Balmain; both meetings were successful.

At the Sunday's Domain meeting there was the usual large, attentive, and enthusiastic audience. Comrade Riley presided, and Rutherford and Walsh were the speakers.

A splendid sale of literature was reported.

The evening meetings were attended by good crowds.

At Market-street comrades Shade and Rutherford were the speakers, and did some good work.

At Goulburn-street comrade Wilson was on his own, but received a good hearing.

There were also a good sale of literature.

On Saturday next Mr. Walter Thomas Mills will be given a reception at the Club rooms at 3 p.m.

Lithgow.

The following circular letter has been issued by Mr. Bernard Scully:

To the members of the Coal Miners' Mutual Protective Association of the Western Districts.

Fellow Workers.—I sincerely desire to thank you for the honor you have conferred on me, by unanimously electing me as your president for the forthcoming term. I appreciate the honor, and will do my best to uphold the honor and your confidence.

As many of you are unacquainted with me, I take this opportunity to place some of my views before you: I recognise that there is a class struggle going on at all times between the workers and the employers, the latter having the control of the machinery and the tools of production. The workers have only their labor power to sell, and in order to sustain themselves and those dependent on them, it is necessary that they should obtain the best possible results from the sale.

To obtain those results we must have unity of action, we must organise and unite by linking together all kindred unions. At present we are divided in sections, Arbitration Courts and Wages Boards. The different sections enter into agreements terminating at different times, thus causing one section to scab on another and defeat one another in wage wars.

I trust that the time is not far distant when the workers as a whole will see the impotency of craft and sectional unionism, Arbitration Courts, and Wages Boards to better their conditions. They will then see that it is necessary to organise on industrial, instead of sectional, lines, with the slogan of an injury to one an injury to all.

In conclusion I will ask you to give your elected officers your hearty support and co-operation in the fight for better conditions which must be carried out with courage and consistency at all times.

I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully and fraternally,

BERNARD SCULLY.

A VISION.

WITHIN a poor man's squalid home I stood
The one bare chamber, where his workworn wife
Above the stove and washtub passed her life.
Next the sty where they slept with all their brood.
But I saw not that sunless, breathless lair,
The chamber's sagging roof and reeking floor,
The smeared walls, broken sash and battered door;
The foulness and forlornness everywhere.
I saw a great house with the portals wide
Upon a banquet room and, from without,
The guests descending in a brilliant line
By the stair's statued niches, and beside
The loveliest of the gemmed and silken rout
The poor man's landlady leading down to dine.

—WILLIAM DEAN.

On Saturday last, editor H. E. Holland was removed by ambulance to the Coast Hospital. At latest information he was progressing favorably, and in a few weeks we hope to announce that he is about again. In reply to many kindly inquiries, we may say that visitors who desire to see him, should be at the Hospital between two and four p.m. on Wednesday's, Fridays, and Sunday's. He is in No. 4 Ward, and those who visit him should remember the above information so as to avoid disappointment.

The harvester strike in Melbourne is at an end, and the men have returned to work. Now that this strike is ended, we desire to point out that the day for prolonged strikes is over. A strike, to be effective, must not be the strike of one industry, but the simultaneous strike of all allied industries; it must be sharp, wide-spread, paralysing to employers, and threatening in its expression of solidarity. This is the strike of industrial unionism, and this is the strike, which, practised on a small scale at first, will, some day, on a large scale bring in the Social Revolution. The syndicates, and Federations of Labor in Europe are so well organised that they are arranging for strikes of a day, having for their object a wholesome warning and lesson for the employers of what the strength of industrially organised labor means. A strike for a day is of little financial prejudice to the worker, but it disorganises capitalistic ventures rather considerably.

John Verran, Labor Premier of S.A., denies that his government has hesitated regarding the preservation of law and order at Renmark. He says the police authorities have not requested additional assistance. "We do not fear any legitimate unionist," he says. "We attack the U.L.U. openly, and their opposition is no embarrassment." John's Labor Government has all along been covertly attacking unionism, but now he boasts of coming into the open. He never deceived us, for we could always see through the mask he wore. The wonder is that South Australian laborites could not see through John. The industrial unionists and Socialists have got him on the hip now.

The Press Fund.

Amounts donated to this Fund are devoted solely to liquidating the debt on the Printing Plant used to produce THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Already acknowledged	£ 11 5d
Friends	0 0 0d

For Mrs. E. Anderson—W. Burmeister 5s, H.D. 2s 6d, Mrs. E. Anderson 2s 6d, L.S.D. 1s, Hartmann 1s, Maholin 1s, Muller 1s, W. Ostreich 6d, C. Liversidge 1s, E. Burdon 1s, J. Smith 6d, Holtmann 1s, O. Martin 1s, J. R. Wilson 1s, Wegner 1s, A. Loos 1s, Haacka 9d, W. Burmeister 1s, A. Hill 3d, Friend 6d, Lundgreen 1s, A.S. 1s, L.S.C. 2s, A. Anderson 1s, S. Prowold 1s, H. Denford 1s	£ 1 11 6d
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All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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"The Great French Revolution,"

By Peter Kropotkin.
A great book that shows the working-class side of a great epoch-making event in the world's history.
Price, 7s; posted, 8s.
Order from the International Socialist Literature Department.

The Class War.

BY DIS-LE.

The class-consciousness of the workers is steadily growing. It is becoming daily more plain to them that it is not moral for idlers to live on the labor of others; and that it is not moral to quietly permit them to do so. It is unjust that one man should grow rich by exploiting and keeping others poor, and being unjust it is immoral. It is moral to revolt against what is unjust and immoral.

The General Workers' Association of South Australia recently brought under the notice of the Premier a series of matters connected with the men's working conditions. Mr. Verran replied by letter, enclosing the views of the departmental heads on these matters. The letter was considered by the Workers' Association, and returned to the Premier, with the intimation that they wanted him to deal with the matters, not the heads of his department. The heads have been too long gorging in the old groove, it is time-called labor ministers were taught to think for themselves.

The Commonwealth Statistician says he is receiving 200 corrections a day from persons who misstated their ages on the Census papers. A queer state of things when a man dares not let it be publicly known that he is growing old for fear of losing his job, or when women's ages stand still in the matrimonial and wage-slave markets.

The women Liberal in West Derbyshire recently presented Lady Denham, wife of the Governor-General, Designate of the Commonwealth, and successor to Lord Dudley, with a gold pendant set with diamonds. You can safely say that the money for that pendant came out of the pockets of poor people who never saw a diamond or even a good square meal. The women Liberals are liberal—with other people's money.

"The best time for a boy to register is as soon as he is eligible, for his time will be more valuable when he is over 21 than it is now."

This is the advice of the Labor Minister for Customs to boys who fail to register for compulsory anti-throat service. But when he is 21 he will be thinking of getting married and leaving the old folk at home. He is more valuable to the old folk before that time than he may be after. Why should they let him go then to be taught butchering. He had better be at home with "mum and dad" than learning the capitalistic black-art of murder.

The Remark fight still goes on, and the men are in splendid courage. When we are thoroughly class-conscious and internationally combined, such a fight will be the fight of all workers everywhere, and the strikers will be supported until they do win. The bosses will then be either ruined or beaten.

The Australian Journalists' Association has been granted registration under the Federal Arbitration Act. Will they continue to accept the blood-money of Capital to write down their brother unionists in other callings when they are on strike?

Judge Blackmar, of the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, U.S.A., who recently made a permanent injunction restraining the Carpenters' Unions from injuring, directly or indirectly, the business and goodwill of the Newton Company, recognized the class struggle in these words:

"Capital and labor unite in production, and between them must be divided the fruits of their joint efforts. Each is desirous of increasing its own share, and this is necessarily at the expense of the other. From this results an economic warfare. The forces are marshalled against each other—capital in corporations managed by directors, and labor in unions managed by councils. This struggle often creates waste and imposes hardships on the rest of the people; but such things society endures as the price of individualism. Fortunately, the warfare is subject to municipal law, and society is strong enough to impose its terms on the combatants. Certain methods and weapons the law permits. Others it prohibits."

Judge Blackmar was fairly clear in the above remarks, but he boggled badly when he stated that fortunately "society is strong enough to impose its terms on the combatants." There he stated the thing that is not, for at present Capital is strong enough to impose its terms on society, and the judge's decision in the case was ample proof that this is so.

A Toronto message states that financial interests are preparing to put up a big fight against the coal miners of Western Canada in the hope of permanently breaking up the Union.

The citizen's fund for the coronation cadets has now approximately reached £500. The fund rises so slowly as to warrant the supposition that the wealthy are waiting to see if the working gudgeon will rise to the bait or not. Let the rich pay for all loyal corporators.

Mr. Lloyd George, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, says that 30 per cent. of pauperism is due to sickness. Just so, and the sickness is due to pauperism, and the pauperism and sickness are due to robbery of the workers, which no British statesman dares to interfere with.

"If patients can be prevented from becoming chronic invalids and rescued from the Poor Law's grip, the present cost of pauperism will be largely diverted." So says Mr. Lloyd George, but behind the Poor Law's grip, is the awful grip of the monopolists of land and capital. Once release the workers from these vampires and the paupers and many of their illnesses will disappear.

Lady Gladstone, wife of the Governor-General of South Africa, is asking for £100,000 to establish an order of nurses as a memorial to the late King Edward. What tricks the aristocracy resort to in their attempts to bolster up monarchy and loyalty!

"French newspapers announce the discovery of an anarchist plot to dynamite the Ministry of the Interior and the Prefecture of Police in revenge for the May Day arrests." So says the cable liar, but what need to go to all that trouble for revenge? They have had their revenge by scaring the French authorities out of their wits by the discovery of their mighty numbers. The police discovery is most likely a mare's nest.

The Corporation of London will expend £25,000 on decorations and illuminations during the Coronations. There will be 15,000 troops on duty on June 22, and 55,000 next day. The troops are to keep the hungry quiet while the fat ones are feasting and enjoying themselves.

It is proposed to start what the press calls "the New Unionism in Melbourne." "The proposal," we are told, "is to start a Free and non-Political Union." The hawks have decided to urge the lambs to trust them. We have heard something like this before, but the lambs never seemed to trust them very far.

The trouble at Balmain Colliery still remains unsettled, and the men are fighting the Class battle as firmly as ever. The time will come when such a battle will be better appraised and appreciated by the workers generally.

Rockchoppers on a sewerage job at Flat Rock, Wiltshire, have struck work. Same old cause—the class war. Rockchopping is so deadly that the wonder is that men can be got to do it at any price, yet some people would jail them for refusing to work at starvation rates.

The Adelaide Tramway Employees have resolved that the Executive shall bring their claims before the Federal Arbitration Court. Might as well whistle jigs to a milestone.

Continued complaints are showered upon Labor P.M.G. Thomas from the Postal Department. Thomas is as deaf as the Sphinx and as dumb as the oyster.

C. L. Bushell writes from Portland:—

"It was with no surprise that I read in one of your recent issues that *L'Asino*, the Italian Socialist paper had been barred by the postal authorities.

L'Asino, besides being a Socialist organ, is also an advocate of freethought. Its first number appeared 20 years ago, and it only commenced the anti-clerical campaign about 12 years ago. It has been described by Bernard Shaw, Bebel, Ferrer, Jaures, and others, as one of the best anti-clerical mediums anywhere.

In the year 1907 the R.C. wowers tried to stop its circulation in America, on the ground that it was immoral. But they did not succeed. Mr. S. F. Vanni, of West Broadway, New York—not a Socialist—took the case to court and won it. Over 200,000 copies are in circulation in U.S.A. America, about the same, if not more, in South America, and about a million copies are circulated in Europe. It reaches every corner of the world where there is an Italian.

There are only two countries in the world where *L'Asino* is not admitted by the authorities—but it gets in just the same—and they are Austria and Russia.

That Australia should be on the same level as clerical Austria and tyrannical Russia is deplorable and needs no comment. It shows what the freedom of the press amounts to under a labor government. But the Italians in Australia will read *L'Asino* in spite of the clerical labor government."

As a result of the tramway strike at Johannesburg, barricades have been erected at various points along the tramlines. The tramway sheds have been converted into a camp, and the military are in readiness to help the police should the occasion arise. Glynn, the leader of the strikers, who was arrested last week on a charge of inciting men to riot, has been bailed, and on Saturday he headed the strikers in an attempt to rush the power station. The mounted police dispersed the strikers. The town prison is full of arrested strikers.

The A.W.U. & the Federal Ministry

THEY say that there is dissatisfaction in the A.W.U. Because papa Spence was not included in the Federal Ministry, Spence insisted on going to the coronation. The Spence oligarchy cannot expect to be supreme everywhere outside the *Shirker* office, and in the yearly conference they cut no ice whatever. Old Spence might have had a show if it were not for son-in-law Lamond's sheet—which is a weekly testimony of what the Spence group would do (and leave undone) if they were able to secure further power.

The patent medicine admts. and editorials in the *Worker*, its pitiful waste of opportunity to strike home and hard, hour after hour, blow after blow, for Australian labor, are telling at last against any further extension of power to the ambitious oligarchy. With its fine building, its magnificent modern machinery, its handsome yearly subsidy from the A.W.U., and all its daily chances for propaganda for Socialism, the *Worker* can only be accepted as a dismal example of what can happen to a Labor newspaper in Australia.

The impossible Lamond killed poor papa's chance of a portfolio. Besides being the one conspicuous personality in the Labor movement who has provoked on almost universal antagonism, Lamond has practically demonstrated the evils of clique control. For four years or more, he has had entire command at the *Worker* office. Here Lamond has carried the Metternich principle to its logical conclusion—he has demonstrated officially, editorially, and personally the tremendous danger of absolutism. Discontent is seething within, and disgust is general without. Not even the scientific method of government which the clique have evolved will ultimately prove ironclad enough to shield them from attack and defeat. They are perhaps the strongest reactionary element in the Australian Labor movement at the present time, and the curious position is that the great body of A.W.U. men, the rank and file—particularly in Queensland—are staunch, intellectual, and progressive. In sporting parlance it must be said that as far as the Sydney *Worker* is concerned the stalwarts of the A.W.U. are getting a duceed poor run for their money.

The weakly *Worker's* propaganda publications, including the "Rising Tide," a baking powder exposition of Australian Socialism, which is announced as "a volume any Laborite should be proud to possess"—doubtless as a literary curiosity.

Pa Spence's somnolent "Australia's Awakening" is calculated to send strong men to sleep. "Anti-Socialism," by the same celebrated literary stylist, is published at 3d, as a sort of set-off presumably against the six-and-sixpenny edition of the first compilation.

"The Case for Labor" is set forth under covers by W. M. Hughes, and is said by those in the know to be thrilling reading at one and three.

Then there is a "Corner in Water," collaborated by those prominent Australian writers, Mudge and Goldie. It is natural that a great literary personality like Hector Lamond should attract the past intellects of Australia, and that the output of the *Worker* press has now become as famous as the Roycroft contributions to the world's literature.

The Spence family has already achieved a celebrity equal if not exceeding that of the Dysons or Lindsays.

Our Melbourne comrade who writes under the pseudonym of "Dogmatist" has a striking article on "Social Revolution. Is it near?" in the *Maoriland Worker* of May 5th. He reckons that we are gaining conscripts to our revolutionary army at the rate of a million a year. "Therefore," he writes, "the one great act and deed with which the old order and ways, the old tyranny and subjection, are to end, and the new foundation and superstructure are to begin, will be the taking over of industry by the industrialists."

Already conservative writers are taking fright, but how many others are there among us awake to the responsibilities that may soon be thrust upon them by an upheaval or break down in the capitalist system? Surely it is time our thoughts turned seriously to questions that relate to the day of the Revolution, and the morrow of it. These won't be pleasant thoughts perhaps for those who are "coronating," nor for those who are enjoying the juicy fruits of office, but they are thoughts that the intelligent worker, who feels that he has once more been jockeyed by a capitalist Ministry (this time posing under the name of "Labor") will do well to keep fresh in his mind. Perhaps some workers who read this paragraph will send along their thoughts on "The day of the Revolution, and the morrow of it." We shall be very pleased to publish the "Thoughts," and give our readers the benefit of them.

"Picture Show Evils."

THE National Council of Women has taken up what is called the "Picture Show Evil," and Mr. Beeby has been prodded into a state of hysterical excitement by various accounts of the evil influence of "unsuitable pictures" on the young person of both sexes. One young princess of 15, suffering imprisonment at the hands of cruel parental guardians, during the hours when she knew the picture shows were most interesting, escaped from the family castle in her night dress, by sliding down a rope of twisted sheets from an upper storey window. Four youthful pirates of from 13 to 16 years old, took to the road on a recent Sunday morning, and in their search for the pirate's isle, or the sunken Spanish treasure, came across several business premises, easy of access, and full of the very treasures which they were after. They broke into these places, and bore away some pounds worth of booty, and Mr. Beeby regards these instances as sufficient to show the evil effects of the picture shows which depict the doings of Ned Kellys and Ben Hall's gangs, and scenes from "Robbery Under Arms." Most boys have been brutal pirates or gallant admirals in their time, and have armed themselves to the teeth and sailed away in a vessel of romance, with silken sails and masts of gold, over a shining sea of cerulean blue, to return in time to surprised and anxious mothers with loads of treasure trove. Most girls have been princesses, imprisoned in the enchanted castle of some horrid Blue Beer, from which they have been rescued and married by a beautiful prince, with whom they lived happily ever afterwards. Boys and girls wouldn't be sane and healthy if they hadn't played with such fancies, and men and women are happier when they look back and remember the romantic days of childhood, or when they look with lenient eyes at the playful fancies of their children.

But there are men and women who never remember their childhood. Born perhaps of puritanical parents, the only fairy tales they ever heard were of Joseph becoming wealthy in Egypt by taking the land from the people, or Jacob cheating his brother out of his birthright and his father-in-law out of his flocks; and the only play they ever enjoyed was under the eye of some dour clerical tutor brought up similarly. Mr. Beeby and the National Council of Women—his new friends—seem to be such people, for now they look with a crooked eye upon the half-dozen youthful delinquents they have found amongst all the thousands who attend the picture shows.

The picture shows are to be censured, the policeman is to be put in charge of the amusements of the children, and romance and fairy tales are to be seriously regarded. What a fine race of "wowers" the future Australian people will be, if such people get their own way. Warped in their early infancy, mentally fed on pious pictures, armed in their youth and trained in the brutal art of wholesale murder, they will no doubt be fine material and plastic stuff in the hands of the master class, whose wives the National Council of Women are. But like enough they will never get their own way, for the age will say, "Hands off our children; nurse your poodles and pugs if you like, but let our children alone, for we must educate them towards revolution."

Answers to Correspondents.

F. Spillman, Remmark.—Received with thanks.

James Douglas, New Michel, B.S.—No such information available. Thanks for good wishes.

THE first issue of the *Maoriland Worker*, as a weekly "Journal of Industrial Unionism, Socialism, and Politics" is to hand, dated May 5. The paper is now under the editorship of R. S. Ross, late of Melbourne *Socialist*, and the first number is a fine example of Socialistic journalism. The printing and typography are artistic and excellent, and many new literary features have been added, which make the new weekly a big improvement on its monthly predecessor. There are fine portraits of Karl Marx and his wife, special articles by R. S. Ross, "Dogmatist," and many famous Maoriland writers, most of whom have a firm grip of the various aspects of industrial unionism and an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of Socialism. We wish the paper every success. May it live long, and advance in prosperity and influence until the revolution.

THE MARCH OF THE HUNGRY MEN.

In the dreams of your downy couches, through the shades of your pampered sleep,
Give ear; you can hear it coming, the tide that is steady and deep—
Give ear, for the sound is growing, from desert and dungeon and den;
The tramp of the marching millions, the March of the Hungry Men.

As once the lean-limbed Spartans at Locris's last ascent,
As William's Norman legions through Sussex meadows went,
As Wolfe assailed the mountain, as Sherman led the way
From Fulton to Savannah—as they, and more than they.

So comes another army your wit cannot compute,
The man-at-arms self-fashioned, the man you made the brute,
From farm and sweat-shop gathered, from factory, mine and mill,
With lever and shears and auger, dibble and drift and drill.

They bear no sword nor rifle, yet their ladders are on your walls,
Though the banberk is turned to a jumper, the jambaux to overalls:
They come from the locomotive, the cab and the cobbler's bench;
They are armed with the pick and the jack-plane, the sledge and the axe and the wrench.

And some come empty-handed with fingers gnarled and strong,
And some come dumb with sorrow, and some sway drunk with song,
But all that you thought were buried are stirring and little and quick,
And they carry a brass-bound sceptre: the brass composing stick.

Through the depths of the Devil's darkness, with distant stars for light,
They are coming the while you slumber, and they come with the might of right;
On a morrow—perhaps to-morrow—you will waken and see, and then
You will hand the keys of the cities to the ranks of the Hungry Men.

R.W.K., in *Life* (New York.)

International Notes.

Lisbon.

The dockers at Oporto, Lisbon, are out on strike.

China.

A general upheaval has taken place at Hang-Chow owing to the high price of rice.

Twenty shops and several mandarins' houses have been wrecked.

The crowd attempted to rescue the men who were arrested, and the Court buildings and police stations were wrecked.

Johannesburg.

The tramwaymen are out on strike owing to the dismissal of two unionists.

The strikers are stopping all traffic, and business is paralysed.

Glynn, the leader, has been arrested on a charge of incitement to riot.

He is associate-editor with comrade Crawford of the Socialist paper—the *Voice of Labor*.

Wales.

Further collisions have occurred between the police and strikers. The police made baton charges, and several persons were injured.

Britain.

Two railway employees were dismissed for refusing to withdraw from the membership of the Amalgamated Railwaymen's Society, at West Hurtlepool.

Thereupon the local railwaymen decided to tender notices, and appealed to the executive to initiate a strike throughout the north-eastern system.

Mexico.

President Diaz says he will not resign until peace is restored.

The revolutionaries have organised the States of Sonora and Chihuahua under the Presidency of Madero, and State Governors are being appointed and garrisons established.

An army of 2000 revolutionaries captured the port of Alcapulco.

Mexico City is in a state of siege, and an attack is expected to be made.

Transport Workers.

Great meetings of the International Transport Workers of England are being held in the entire transport trade, especially in the ports under the management of the recently formed National Transport Workers' Federation. These meetings are attended by dockers, seamen, teamsters, etc., for the pronounced purpose of requesting the recognition of the organisations. Also the railwaymen sympathise with the Federation of the transport workers. In the foreground of the discussions stands at all meetings the probable struggle of the seamen. The watchword is: Against the Shipping Federation; amalgamation of the unions of dockers, seamen, teamsters, railwaymen, etc., in the National Transport Workers' Federation.

How Readers Can Help.

READERS can help THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST:—

By purchasing an extra copy and handing same to some friend.

By posting an extra copy to someone with a marked par or article bearing special interest for them by touching upon their profession or trade.

By calling at the local newsagent and asking him to obtain a few papers for sale.

By seeing that the agent has not too many returns left on his hands.

By quoting the paper in arguments with opponents, and by reading short pieces wherever two or three are gathered together.

By leaving a copy lying just where someone will find it.

By pasting up interesting extracts or clippings from its columns in places where they are likely to be read.

Anyone can help in these and other ways.

Those with cash to spare, can, of course, assist more directly by sending a donation to the Press Fund, which will be used to enlarge the paper and extend its influence.

Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

*For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! we have paid it in full!*

At the inquest, touching the death of John William Henderson, who dropped dead in the Abernain colliery, the jury found that death was caused through overwork.

Walter Worth, a carter, had his ribs fractured through being thrown from the cart he was driving.

William Green, a stevedore, fell down a hold on the steamer *Marien Inglis*, and sustained severe injuries.

Joseph Collum, a carter, fell from a cart and received injuries to his head.

Peter Knight, railway linesman, while travelling home from Beverley in a tricycle, was run down by the *Albany* express, in W.A. A leg and both arms were broken, and his head severely injured.

Michael Brown, working in the railway running sheds, Adelaide, dropped dead near an engine-pit. A short time before he had complained to one of his companions about the heat he had to submit to in engine-packing work.

Colin Campbell, a groom at the local hotel, at Millthorpe was injured by an explosion of gas.

Thomas Searl, an ironmoulder at David Bros.' iron foundry, Wollongong, was engaged on a large iron mould, weighing three tons, when it slipped off the stand, and going on to his leg smashed it badly.

Daniel Hellmund, engaged in lopping willow trees at Queanbeyan, fell from a tree and sustained severe injuries to his back.

Angus Wilson, employed as a shunter at ironworks, Lithgow, had his left foot crushed by being run over by an engine.

We rejoice to learn that our esteemed comrade August Bebel is restored to health and means to stand once more for the German Reichstag in the forthcoming general election. In his recent speech at Hamburg he spoke of the "wild optimists" who built upon the idea of co-operation between the Social Democrats and the Radicals. "Social Democracy," he added, "must fight its own battle. . . and they must still regard all bourgeois parties as a solid reactionary mass."

The same thing applies here comrades; those political parties which run with the hare and hunt with the hounds are of no use in doing the work of 'Education towards Revolution,' unless it is as finger posts bearing the inscription "No thoroughfare."

Let me make the superstitions of a nation and I care not who makes its laws or its songs, either.—MARK TWAIN.

Lives of poor men oft reminds us
We could make our lives the same
And departing leave behind us
Overalls with union name.

The High Court has decided to hear the Land Tax test case in Melbourne on the 23rd inst. It is more than likely that it will go the way of New Protection, and if it does, the Federal Labor Party will receive a further set back. It is a fine scheme under which the people vote for representatives to become lawmakers to make laws which capital can knock out in one of its courts. Representative government is a fine institution—for the capitalists.

Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—
Thursday, 7.—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

The Red International.

EDITOR, THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.—I supported the idea of the Red International when comrade Crawford first mentioned it to me. With the ever-increasing ramifications of international capitalism, it has become imperative that a better methodical system of cohesion between the various national Socialist parties should be brought about, for it would, when all is said and done, only be keeping pace with capitalistic development.

The position of the Socialist parties of other lands is very unsatisfactory. Pitifully few among them are the genuine scientific revolutionary organisations. The vast majority wander from the true Marxian pathway, and either concentrate the whole of their energy on palliatives, or repudiate the class war as does the English Labor Party which is affiliated with the International Socialist Bureau. We have had practical demonstrations of the unsoundness and futility of delusive reform legislation such as advocated by the Fabian Society, and which has consequently rendered that Society a bourgeois one. Before the Red International can be an accomplished fact a vast amount of destructive and reconstructive work is necessary, work which will be rendered doubly difficult owing to local or national interests obscuring the minds of sectional parties to world-wide interest.

The Socialist parties of the world must be entirely reconstructed in their sectional or national basis on sound scientific and economic lines. The foundation must be Marxian with a new and comprehensive scheme of practical unity, when every sectional party will if need be, act in unity when an international event demands it. At present it is impossible to systematically acquaint the Socialists of other lands of impending fratricidal class struggles in order to prepare them for a combined and practical demonstration in support of their comrades and fellow workers in danger. The unification of revolutionary Socialist parties, for that is what the Red International is tantamount to, will obviate this great structural weakness.

But there is another matter of vital importance which cannot be overlooked. We all know that the true basis of working-class organisation is on the industrial field. Political action is simply the reflex of industrial action, therefore we must study the roots before studying the branches. There are as far as I am aware, no Socialist parties in existence that combine the industrial and political action—the fact and theory. It is true that some parties support an industrial organisation, therefore combining the two ideas, but with singular illogic, divorcing both. If a Socialist party organised on class lines, is an advocate for the working class only, why not combine its present purely political action with an industrial groundwork? A Socialist party as at present existing is simply an educative factor. Its sphere of practical usefulness is extremely limited. Its influence is not far reaching enough, and it lacks the organised industrial power and might that would effectively realise its theoretical opinions in fact. Therefore why not combine the industrial and political weapons in the one organisation and thus make it a formidable and irresistible weapon of class warfare? With the addendum of direct action, the scientific strike, and any other means of practical education towards the realisation of our ideal, I consider that with only their present numerical power, the organised action of the united representatives of the world, will be such a potent force for social peace that its concentrated solidarity would of itself be sufficient to render the forcible weapons of civil and international warfare absolutely powerless.

I am a strong supporter of this proposal and earnestly recommend it to every Socialist whatever name his party goes under, as the help to elucidation of Socialist unity and universal direct and effective class action. The idea must not remain in abeyance so let all these who are willing to support the proposal suggest any action or means to the furtherance of its object. Let a partially industrially developed country like Australia produce the rudiments of the system of Socialist rehabilitation and so show our comrades in other countries, that the working class interests of the world have not been forgotten in this corner of cosmic dust.

Let unity be our watchword.

J. B. BLUMENTHAL.

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READ, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—FRANCIS BACON.

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COMPROMISE.

It is well to fight and win—
If that may be;
It is well to fight and die therein
For such go free.

It is ill to fight and find no grave
But a prison cell;
To keep alive, yet live a slave
Praise those who fell!

But worst of all are those who stand
With arms laid by,
Bannerless, helpless, no command,
No battle-cry.

They live to save unvalued breath,
With lowered eyes;
In place of victory or death—
A compromise!

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

The Growth of Socialism.

BY EUGENE V. DEBBS.
Continued.

THE old unionism, under the inspiration of a Civic Federation banquet, exclaims jubilantly: "The interests of labor and capital are identical. Hallelujah!"

To this stimulating sentiment the whole body of exploiting capitalists gives hearty assent; all its politicians, parsons, and writers join in enthusiastic approval; and woe be to the few clear, calm, and candid protestants who deny it. Their very loyalty becomes treason, and the working class they seek to serve is warned against them, while the false leaders are a deluge with adulation.

But nevertheless, the clear voice of the awakened and dauntless few cannot be silenced. The new unionism is being heard. In trumpet tones it rings out its revolutionary shibboleth to all the workers of the earth: "Our interests are identical—let us combine, industrially and politically, assert our united power, achieve our freedom, enjoy the fruit of our labor, rid society of parasitism, abolish poverty, and civilise the world."

The old unionism, living in the dead past, still affirms that the interests of labor and capital are identical.

The new unionism, vitalised and clarified by the living present, exclaims: "We know better. Capitalists and wage-workers have antagonistic economic interests; capitalists buy and workers sell labor power, the one cheaply and the other as dearly as possible; they are locked in a life-and-death class struggle; there can be no identity of interests between masters and slaves—between exploiters and exploited—and there can be no peace until the working class is triumphant in this struggle and the wage system is forever wiped from the earth."

The months immediately before us will witness a mighty mustering of the working class, on the basis of the class struggle, and the day is not far distant when they will be united in one vast economic organization in which all the trades will be represented, "separate as the waves, yet one as the sea," and one great political party that stands uncompromisingly for the working class and its program of human emancipation.

In the international election, for the first time, the hand of the working class was clearly seen.

The Socialist party is distinctively the party, and its vote is distinctively the vote, of the working class.

More than four hundred thousand of these votes were counted; probably twice as many were cast. This was but the beginning. From now on there is "a new Richmond in the field."

There is but one issue from the standpoint of labor, and that is: "Labor versus Capital." Upon that basis the political alignment of the future will have to be made. There is no escape from it.

For the present the ignorance of the worker stands in the way of their political solidarity, but this can and will be overcome. In the meantime, the small capitalists and the middle class are being ground to atoms in the mill of competition. Thousands are being driven from the field entirely, beaten in the struggle, bankrupt and hopeless, to be swallowed up in the surging sea of wage-slavery; while thousands of others cling to the outer edge, straining every nerve to stem the torrent that threatens to sweep them into the abyss, their condition so precarious that they anticipate the inevitable and make common issue with the wage-workers in the struggle to overthrow the capitalist system and reconstruct society upon a new foundation of co-operative industry and the social ownership of the means of life.

(To be continued.)

Taking the Census.

BY SYDNEY PARTIDGE.

THE following goes to prove that in some respects "taking the census" is a farce. One of the questions asked—or rather statements demanded—viz., the age of the sufferer in the case, must always raise the dander of any self-respecting party of what sex soever.

Now does the Government really and truly imagine that the statistics it produces in regard to age from the cultivation paddock of the census paper are of the slightest value?

Doesn't the Government know well in its inmost heart that it would, after a bad quarter of an hour before the glass on a search for the only too obvious crowfoot and wide partings, decide that it must pass for ten years younger than its true age—that the risk is worth taking at any rate, and take that risk. Then can it blame ordinary individuals for doing the same? They do it, anyhow—and don't blame themselves. But their reasons for falsifying the age are not all the same by any means. A workman out of employment knows it to be most detrimental to his chances of getting work for it to be known that he is over 40, perhaps 50. So he shaves his moustache, dyes his hair, and calls himself 30. The same applies to women—and there are many women of to-day close on 40 or 45 who with care can pass for 28 or 34—so long as their real ages do not leak out, and it is undeniable that these women have a far better chance of obtaining desirable billets if their age is not known.

It will be maintained by the uninitiated that such cannot happen by way of the census card as they are guaranteed "confidential." Well, are they? In the first place they must pass through the hands of many who could, were they so spitefully and dishonorably minded (and the public has no guarantee that they are not), easily spread abroad a person's true age without the smallest chance of ever being howled out—always provided anyone was honest enough to give the true age. In the second place the incident which I set out to relate will prove how much value may be attached to the word "confidential."

A certain lady put "object" to the question being too honorable to evade what she had business reasons for not wishing to disclose. In a few days round came the card collector with a demand to see her. He smelt of spirits. She happened to be out. He said he would call again and did so not long after. She was still out. He smelt badly of spirits, as the lady who unwillingly interviewed him can testify. He was very angry at the absence of the offender and wanted to know if the question could not be answered by the other lady. She absolutely refused to take such responsibility on herself. The collector grew angrier and angrier, whisked the card in the faces of the lady and several other persons who had collected, commented volubly and most offensively on the other replies on the card, and tried hard to induce any of those present—and notably a young man, who was not a member of the household—either to give some approximate age to be put down, or to persuade the absentee to do so. He said more than once that it did not matter in the least what age was put, anything from 2 to 90 would do.

Finally he departed in a truly dreadful temper, leaving a card behind to be filled in, and for which he said he would call the following day.

But he came back that night, when, as it quite humorously happened, the offending lady was again absent.

The woman of the house met him, with two or three others near by to listen to whatever he might divulge. He seemed to have had a bath in spirits before this third attack. Census card collecting obviously requires a lot of Dutch courage, when the collector has neither tact, education nor ordinary manners. His temper was now multiplied by three—especially on discovering that the card left had not been filled in. All his former offensive remarks were repeated, his expressions of contempt, hatred and rage poured out on the absentee, his demands for any age whatever, his belief that the lady was a myth, and even in a wild moment of false inspiration, that his interlocutor was she. He almost foamed at the mouth. The scene was terminated by the house-woman, who has Irish blood in her veins, ordering him out of the house—he had forced himself into the hall. He went, threatening to arrive next morning with a policeman, and was heard muttering on the mat like one insane with distress: "She won't give me her age, she won't give me her age."

Next morning he arrived again (minus the policeman) but the lady had already gone to town on her business. He conceived this as suspicious, but on being told that she had left a message to the effect that she had sent the card to headquarters, he was turning away satisfied when some friend prompted him to ask a question concerning the matter. This started another argument, during which he levelled fresh objections at the head of the lady, and once more waved the "confidential" card in the air or held it under the nose of the house-woman so that every word written on it could be distinctly read.

Now the contents of that card had been

thoroughly ventilated before nearly everyone in a large household comprised of persons of no relation whatever to the lady in question;—and the probability was deeply pondered afterwards of their having been also curiously discussed in the nearest public-house.

This is the kind of confidential agent the Government employs, and this the kind of worthless statistics it collects.

Socialist Fables.

The Grand Scoot.

BY W. R. W.

ONCE, when things were very dull, and the big daily papers had no news of hangings, murders, rapes, divorce, or other high-class literary stuff to serve up to their readers, they invented a fairy tale about the Japs landing at a point about a mile below the main harbor of Barefaced Sham.

The news spread like an adverse Chaffinch report, and the capitalists rushed to the city and collared as much of their wealth as they could, and then got all the motor cars out of the garages and made a scoot for the mountains, where they hoped to lie low until the workingmen had settled the Japs.

There was a great string of motor cars, and the last ones were urging those in front to hurry up as they could hear the Japs coming.

Just as they thought they were safe, and about half-way up the mountains, the whole procession was brought to a standstill. A big gang of road makers had the road torn up for repairs, and the first motor had broken down on the rough metal.

The capitalists were horribly frightened because the papers had said the Japs were very strong, and were sure to try and cut off communication with the interior.

"Here, you men," said the capitalists in the first car. "Give us a push up the mountain, the Japs are coming."

"Let 'em come," said the workmen.

"We don't care."

"But they'll rob us," said the Capital-

ists.

"Well that won't hurt us much," said

the men. "There's one thing that's cer-

tain—they can't rob us. We haven't any-

thing for 'em to rob us of."

"But if they rob us," said the Capital-

ists, "you will have no employers. Come

on, give us a push up the hill. Don't be

foolish."

"Push 'em up yourselves, or stop there

until they come and collar you," said the

workmen. "They won't bother with us. It'll

be you gentlemen they'll hunt for, not us."

"They'll make slaves of you," said the

motorists.

"Well that won't be much of a change.

It will be only a change of owners, for you

fellows have us pretty well enslaved now."

"O men, think of your homes, and your

country," said the capitalists.

"Your homes, and your country,"

laughed the men. "The country isn't ours.

It's yours. Why didn't you stop and defend

us to help you? If the country were really

ours, we would fight for it, but as we don't

own a solitary acre of it, we are not going

to risk our lives to defend it."

"But think of all the State has done for

you, and you must help to defend it," said

the capitalists.

"The State has been run by your class,"

said the workmen, "and your rule is 'every

man for himself.' And if every man is

for himself, there can be no man for the state.

If it is to be class dominance we must look

out for ourselves. If we have no rights

we have no duties. If the state does

not protect the workers, the workers cannot

be expected to protect the state. You gen-

tlemen have always been hostile to us, in

every reasonable demand we have ever

made. The press owned by you has been

hostile to all demands of labor. The

workers have always been wrong when

they asked for anything, and the press has

always backed the rich and decried the

poor. Now you capitalists and the press

should defend your property and your power

to rob us."

On hearing this straight talk, the capital-

ists became hysterical with fear, but just as

they were about to abandon the cars and

rush away on foot, a messenger arrived to

say that the papers had contradicted their

statement, and now said that there weren't

any Japs, or that they had retreated and

gone home, or had been defeated by the

newspaper men, or something else had hap-

pened to them, and the capitalists turned

round and went back to the city.

That night they held a banquet, and

made speeches full of patriotism and gave

a glowing account of how they had seized

and protected the mountain roads to the

interior, and turned the invaders back and

saved the country.

Next day the newspapers were filled with

accounts of the bravery of the capitalists, and

denunciations of the blood-thirsty, revolu-

tionary socialists who didn't believe in fight-

ing just for the fun of the thing.

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